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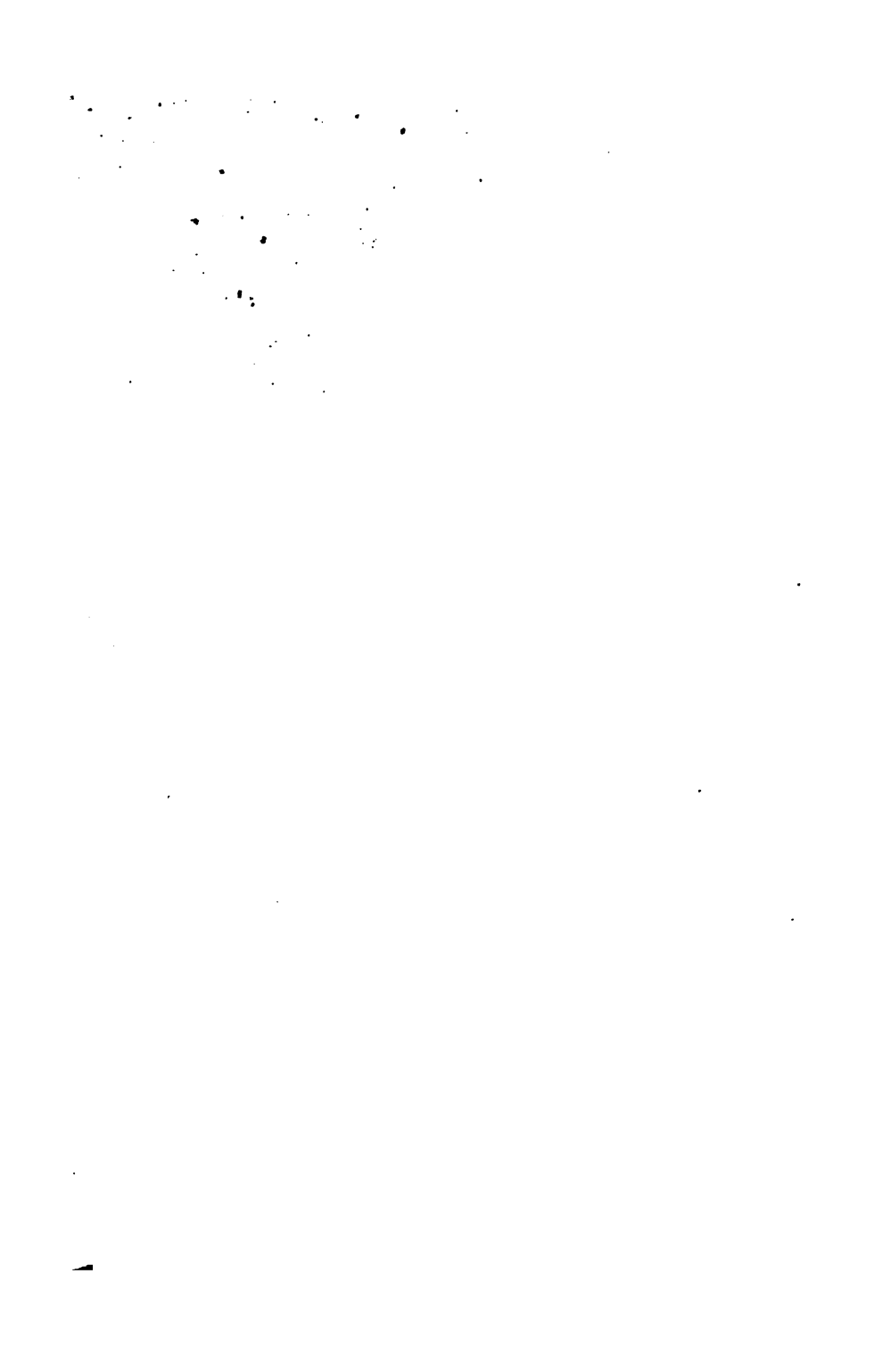
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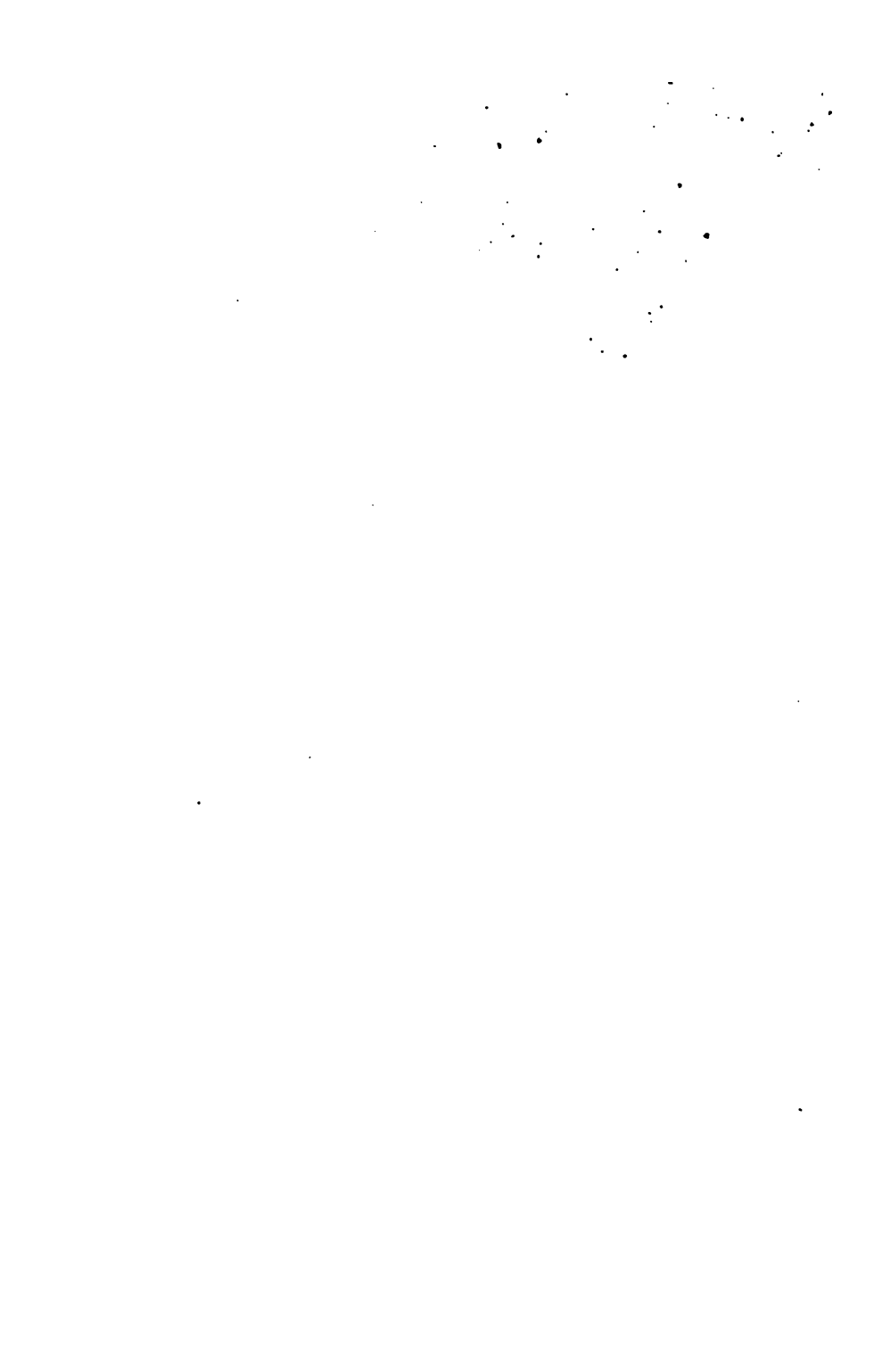




The Jackson E. Reynolds Book Fund







LANGSIDE LYRICS

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

MIDDLEMASS BROWN

Author of
"Aspects of Life," etc., etc.



ALEXANDER GARDNER

Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen

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LANGSIDE LYRICS.

LANGSIDE IN 1568.

OLD LANGSIDE stood upon the hill
At top of the Lang Loan,
And not a trace is standing still,
To tell of what is gone.

Yet we have records of the times
Which we may not dispute,
And in a few short pleasant rhymes,
We'll keep them in repute.

The village lay quite near the place
Where the old houses stand,
And though there is not left a trace
From Time's destroying hand,

Langside in 1568.

Yet well we may in thought perceive
The situation then,
When Scotland's queen sought to retrieve
Supremacy again.

The few thatched houses on each side
Lay right in front of trees,
Where humble cottars would reside
In life's contented ease.

While at one end the Cruicket Raw
Lay facing the South-West,
But all have since been swept awa',
And cottars laid to rest.

The Lang Loan was the narrow brae
That led on to Cathcart,
While Bus' and Aik road was the way
On North side of the Cart.

Langside in 1568.

And Clincart Hill stands yet close by,
Whereon the queen's men stood,
Who boldly did the foe defy,
With gallant fortitude.

While to the South-East lay Cathcart,
Where Scotland's queen was then
Awaiting with an anxious heart,
The victory to gain.

But when she saw the sudden flight
Of warriors so brave,
Who risked their lives in deadly fight,
Her regal claims to save,

Then might her heart begin to fear
That victory was gone,
And shattered hopes in life's career
Were hers—and hers alone.

Langside in 1568.

Yet are the scenes for miles around
Still lustrous by her name,
And in our memories are crowned
With her immortal fame.

And though that nought may now remain
Of ancient, sweet Langside,
Yet beauty still delights to reign,
When robed in Summer's pride.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE,

13TH MAY, 1568.

CANTO I.—THE SUMMONS.

FORTH from Lochleven Castle's sphere
The Scottish Queen had fled,
And on to Hamilton, with fear
And anxious heart, she sped.

While there, within a castle grand,
She summoned to appear
Her nobles brave throughout the land,
For their advice to hear.

The Battle of Langside.

And there were many at her Court
To list to her appeal,
Who could in warfare well exhort,
With hearts "as true as steel."

While ready for the fight were they,
At danger's dread alarm,
And well could wield amidst the fray,
Their swords with deadly harm.

And as they thought it not secure
For her that she remain
Within this castle, to endure
These fears, while she should reign,

They would advise her to depart
Unto Dunbarton's tower,
Where she might rest secure in heart
In this her danger's hour.

The Battle of Langside.

And so her Council did decide
Her army should advance,
And land her safely o'er the Clyde,
While now they had the chance.

And so upon that fatal morn
Of thirteenth day of May,
Fair Scotland's queen, so oft forlorn,
Advanced upon her way.

CANTO II.—THE ADVANCE.

Her troops were marshalled in the town
Of ancient Hamilton,
With the Argyll of great renown,
Ordained to lead them on.

The Battle of Langside.

And these few thousand men of war,
 Arrayed for warfare keen,
Came from the regions near and far,
 To fight for Scotland's queen.

They marched by way of Rutherglen,
 And past the Mall-Mire's burn,
That wimpled on so sweetly then,
 With many a graceful turn.

And over by the Hangingshaw
 The army took its way,
Until they reached Mount Florida,
 Where they their march did stay.

And then the queen did onward pass
 Until she reached Cathcart,
Where, from the Castle's knowe of grass,
 She saw her troops take part.

The Battle of Langside.

For 'twas on Clincart Hill they stood
 Arrayed to meet the foe,
And watched, lest they might soon intrude
 To strike the fatal blow.

The Regent Moray news had heard
 While in St. Mungo's town,
And would not by it be deterred
 From fighting for the crown.

For he had trust on him imposed,
 The young king to protect,
While he would not be thus deposed,
 Nor show his base neglect.

He summoned then his nobles brave
 From districts all around,
While citizens their service gave,
 And in his cause were bound.

The Battle of Langside.

The Regent thought that on the side
Towards the city's North,
Near to the banks of river Clyde,
He'd bring his army forth,

For he conjectured that the queen
Might cross at Rutherglen,
And so he brought near Glasgow Green,
His troops of armed men.

But soon the tactics of the foe
Whenever he found out,
His projects then he did forego,
And turned him round about.

His army then across the bridge
That spanned the river Clyde,
He onward led until the ridge
Was reached that's near Langside.

The Battle of Langside.

Through "Brigend" now of "Gorbals" fame,
And up the Main Street then,
And through the Langside Road they came,
A force of gallant men.

And where the Queen's Park now is seen,
Which then was called Pathhead,
O'er fields arrayed in verdure green,
His army on was led.

On sloping ground they then were placed
Near where Memorial stands,
While right and left wings boldly faced
The queen's defiant bands.

And placed between, the ordnance lay,
Supported on each side,
To keep the enemy at bay
From passing through Langside.

The Battle of Langside.

CANTO III.—THE BATTLE.

Shot after shot from Clincart Hill
Was fired at Regent's men,
While volleys sent with warlike skill,
Began the fierce campaign.

And as the queen's men tried to force
Their way up the Lang Loan,
The Regent checked them in their course,
When hope seemed almost gone.

While cannons roared, and horsemen flew
To meet the raging foe,
The Scottish queen could safely view
The battle's fiery glow.

The Battle of Langside.

And when she saw, with steadfast eye,
Her men in bright array,
She oft might heave an anxious sigh
That they would gain the day.

But soon her hopes began to fail
Whene'er she got the sight
Of how the Regent did prevail,
And put her men to flight.

While courage from her heart, once brave,
Had for a time expired,
And all the glory she might crave,
Was not to be acquired.

The Battle of Langside.

CANTO IV.—THE RETREAT.

Down the Lang Loan and through the road
Called then the Bus' and Aik,
The Regent's men their foes down trod,
And caused them flight to take.

While they persistently pursued
O'er moor and mossy fen,
After they bravely had withstood
Their strong opponent's men.

Great was the slaughter on the field,
But greater in the flight ;
And nobles brave were forced to yield
While raged the deadly fight.

The Battle of Langside.

And had not Regent Moray stayed
The slaughter on that day,
And orders given to be obeyed,
That they should cease to slay ;

Then might the record of the past
Been written o'er with shame,
And left a shadow to o'ercast
The Regent Moray's name.

And though 'tis said "in love and war
All actions then are fair,"
Yet hearts of men are nobler far,
When they the weakest spare.

We will not say which side was right,
Nor yet their cause maintain,
For each may see in his own light,
Whose right it was to reign.

The Battle of Langside.

While thus was Langside battle fought
Upon that fatal morn,
That sorrow to the queen had brought,
And made her life forlorn.

The queen then took her sudden flight
From Castle of Cathcart,
And sought a refuge for the night,
With grieved and anxious heart.

And many years a prisoner was,
Soon after this sad day,
Till cruel death had doomed her cause,
At ancient Fotheringay.

LANGSIDE MEMORIAL.

MAJESTIC column on the battlefield,
Where foe met foe, with not a thought to yield,
But rather die than be a coward knave,
And fight for right, than be a tyrant's slave !

We gaze with pleasure on thy lovely shaft,
That manifests the clever sculptor's craft,
So richly hewn with floral emblems round,
And by a noble lion grandly crowned.

Here many emblems we may clearly trace,
Portrayed in characters upon thy face,
And in them see wherein the valour lies,
That causes nations in the world to rise.

Langside Memorial.

The eagles at the corners we may find
To represent the active eye and mind,
While outstretched wings denote enduring
 might,
And beak and talons, strength for mortal fight.

The lovely fleur-de-lis is motive pure
For truth and righteousness that shall endure,
While Scotland's thistle, and fair England's rose,
Denote the unity none dare oppose.

The claymore and the warrior's ancient shield
Are weapons which the Scots can deftly wield,
And bagpipes which they skilfully can play
While marching bravely to the deadly fray.

These are the emblems that encircled round,
May on this stone memorial be found ;
While crowning all, the noble lion stands
Imperial o'er the region it commands.

Langside Memorial.

And thus shall Britain stand o'er all the world,
Rearing her banner in the breeze unfurled,
That shall bring honour to the British crown,
And long may gain her vict'ry and renown.

LANGSIDE IN SUMMER.

Is there a poet, humble though he be,
 To sing in strains
Of heart-felt rapture in his praise of thee,
 Where beauty reigns ?

For now we see thy leafy bowers arrayed
 In Summer's pride,
And many are the charms around displayed
 By thee, Langside.

Long has thy name been held in battle lore,
 And who can tell
How fierce the conflicts many warriors bore,
 While others fell ?

Langside in Summer.

But now no more the battle's wild alarms
Disturb the scene,
While a Memorial amidst thy charms,
Tells what has been.

Yet there are vict'ries gained within thy bounds
Of nobler fame
Than all the fleeting glory that surrounds
The warrior's name.

For Nature here comes forth to conquer hearts
With loveliness ;
And all the influences she imparts,
Who can express ?

The mavis sings within his leafy shade,
Both loud and clear,
And soon response unto his call is made
By others near.

Langside in Summer.

The blackbird also trills his even-song
 Within thy woods,
And sweet it is at eve to muse among
 Thy solitudes.

But sweeter far to lovers while they stray
 Amidst thy bowers,
Are the fair charms that greet them on their
 way,
 In these glad hours.

For Love and Beauty greater vict'ries gain
 Than all beside,
And these, we trust, with thee shall aye remain,
 O sweet Langside !

LANGSIDE AVENUE.

FAIR avenue in sweet Langside !

Oft in the Summer I have strayed,
And felt the calm of eventide
Beneath thy sheltered, leafy shade.

The thrush, within thy verdant bowers,
Pours forth his strains in raptures strong,
And blackbird, with his vocal powers,
Trills out his mellow notes of song.

Oh ! happy are the thoughts that spring
Within the breast at this glad time,
When Music's charms bright visions bring,
And lead the soul to heights sublime.

Langside Avenue.

'Tis not the scene alone that gives
The high-born thoughts in these glad hours,
But 'tis the soul that in us lives,
Exerting all its nobler powers.

Yet all these influences sweet,
That in our pathway round us lie,
Assist to make our lives complete
For our bright heavenly destiny.

The scenes of beauty will impress
Their loveliness upon the mind,
And music will its charms express,
When joy within the heart we find.

Oh, then, what beauty meets the eye,
And music sweet that greets the ear !
When gazing on the scenes that lie
Around us while we linger here.

Langside Avenue.

The many charms we here can find,
At morning, noon, and eventide,
Will closer to our mem'ry bind
The joy of love to thee, Langside.

THE VALE OF CART.

SOME poets, we read, have sung of the Tweed,
Where beauty enraptures the heart,
Yet if there's a stream where a poet might
dream,
'Tis by the green banks of the Cart.

Some rivers of fame, when mentioned by name,
Recall lovely scenes to the mind,
Yet beautiful woods and fair solitudes
In the vale of the Cart we may find.

In my youth's early days I often would gaze
Upon this bright stream with delight,
And list to its song as it rippled along,
While I mused on the glorious sight.

The Vale of Cart.

Oh ! dear to my heart are the charms of Cath-
cart,
Where the old Castle stands on the hill,
Or deep in the glade where the trees cast a
shade,
Or down by the bridge at the mill.

The old parish kirk when seen before mirk,
With a tinge of bright red in the sky,
Is a sight that will stay in our mem'ry for aye,
To cheer us with light from on high.

In the churchyard are graves o'er which the
grass waves,
Where many are laid down to rest,
And calm be their sleep, till they wake not to
weep,
But rise to the land of the blest.

The Vale of Cart.

Thou sweet rippling stream, in my youth's
early dream,

The course of my life had a part
In thy murmuring sound and district around
The beautiful vale of the Cart !

Though changes have come, yet thou art not
dumb,

And thy music to me is as dear
As in the bright days when on thee I would
gaze,

And rejoice thy low murmur to hear.

CAMPHILL.

THERE'S a tree-circled hill overlooking Lang-
side,

Where the warriors brave may have stood,
And gazed on the landscape that spreads far
and wide,

To watch lest the foe might intrude.

But now on Camphill no sudden alarms
Disturb either eye or the ear,
For Nature unfolds her fairest of charms,
And sweetest of music we hear.

Camphill.

In the morning the lark trills forth his clear
 song,
 While the blackbird and thrush join their
 strains
In melody sweet, the sunrise to greet,
 That spreads o'er fair Nature's domains.

In the West, Pollokshields with its mansions
 and fields
 Is seen, while beyond is the Clyde,
With the towering hills, and the murmuring
 rills
 That join in the wide-spreading tide.

Far Southward is seen lone Balagich's height,
 Where Pollok delighted to climb,
And muse on the martyrs who died for the
 right,
 Or sing of the swift "Course of Time."

Camphill.

In the East, Cathkin braes, when the Summer
 sun's rays
 Spread o'er them a glorious sheen,
Are seen at their best, by Nature's hand drest
 In robes of magnificent green.

While toward the North the city doth rise
 With its chimneys and towers to the sky,
And behind them the far-reaching Campsie
 range lies,
 Whose summit we clearly descry.

Yet who can describe all the charms that are
 found,
 When standing upon Camphill height,
And viewing the landscape that spreads all
 around,
 So glorious and fair is the sight ?

Camphill.

Then long may the civic authorities reign
Who o'er this famed region preside,
That will the rich beauty for ever maintain
Of Camphill and lovely Langside.

CAMPHILL GALLERY OF ART AND
MUSEUM.

HERE Art and Beauty in sweet concord meet,
While Science brings her subjects to complete
A store of interest that we all may find,
To captivate the eye and please the mind.

Upon the walls are lovely pictures hung,
Of scenes in Nature which bards may have
 sung,
While birds and animals are here preserved,
Which many persons may have unobserved.

For Nature spreads her gifts o'er every land,
And 'tis for man to gather with his hand
The precious treasures that are rich or rare,
Which he may find around him everywhere.

Camphill Gallery of Art and Museum.

Within the ocean's depths or in the mine,
Are jewels that in coronets may shine,
While on the earth are things both grand and
fair,
And in the heavens are glories past compare.

Yet we must strive to find these treasures
bright,
That may elude our keen, observant sight,
And if we miss, another sure may find
These things neglected, which enrich the mind.

The poet can in Nature's realms descry
Truths that are not discerned by every eye,
And in his verse convey these thoughts sub-
lime,
That long may linger through the course of
Time.

Camphill Gallery of Art and Museum.

The clever artist can on canvas paint
A glowing sunset, or in colours faint
The morn's grey dawn, that types of life may
show,
Or hidden truths which we might never know.

The antiquary also seeks around
That relics of past ages may be found,
While ornithologists their subjects bring,
Which fly in air or in the woodlands sing.

These each may lay their tributes at our feet,
To make our city galleries complete
With all the treasures which they have in store,
And raise to excellence unknown before.

Then may we our appreciation show
To those who on our galleries bestow
The gifts, in which we so much pleasure find,
To charm the heart and elevate the mind.

THE CAMPHILL CROWS.

ONE evening a crow was taking a walk
In the beautiful Camphill grounds,
When he overheard two gentlemen talk,
And their words seemed ominous sounds.

For they talked long about the intended scheme
Of the City Corporation,
To feu the estate, and so it would seem
He might lose his habitation.

For the crows in multitudes build their nests
On the trees of Camphill estate ;
And though some may think they are noisy
pests,
Yet we won't them exterminate.

The Camphill Crows.

So this crow flew swiftly to tell his mates
Of this dreadful information,
Which caused quite a series of lengthy debates,
And a needless agitation.

“My brethren dear,” he thus quickly began,
“I’ve heard a terrible story,
That came from the lips of a gentleman,
Who was either Whig or Tory.

“But who he was like I cannot recall,
For he gave me so great a fright,
That I came very near of having a fall,
And fainting with terror outright.

“He spoke of the time when this lovely place
May be built with houses around,
And so I thought it would be a disgrace
To keep this a secret profound.

The Camphill Crows.

“ For if they build here, we’ll all need to clear,
And find a new situation,
Where we’ll each have a nest, and quite safely
rest,
From fear of sudden invasion.”

At this wise advice some one gave a croak
To show his hearty approval,
But grief at the news gave all a great shock,
To think of their swift removal.

Then Mr. Grabup, an elderly crow,
Had words to say in the matter,
“ That would,” he said, “ give relief to their
woe,
And their anxious fears quite scatter.”

The Camphill Crows.

"I remember when young of hearing my mate
Remark, as it were, just at random,
That the best way to settle any debate
Is to take it to Avizandum.

"But where Avizandum now is I can't tell,
Yet our minds we need not trouble,
If we ask a lawyer who knows it quite well,
He'll surely not charge us double."

"No, no!" they all croaked, "we feel now so
shocked
To hear the advice you are giving,
That we hope you'll forbear, these views to
declare
While in our community living."

The Camphill Crows.

Then a young crow began to speak like a man,
And said, "What is all this commotion?
For sure it is plain, we will not hear again
About this absurd, silly notion.

"Avizandum, you know, is a place where
things go,
And may never again return,
Or else be neglected, or smartly rejected,
So all their advices just spurn.

"Yet I cannot refrain from speaking so plain,
Although it may seem now at random,
That you never will hear of this notion again,
For 'tis taken to Avizandum."

THE BLUEBELL WOOD.

OH! dear to my heart are the bonnie bluebells
That grow in the wood at Langside,
Where beauty in richest luxuriance dwells,
When adorned in Midsummer's pride.

There's a sweet, modest charm in the bell's
lovely hue,
That speaks of a life that is pure,
And the bright tint we see of its heavenly blue,
In mem'ry shall ever endure.

In childhood's fair morn, how great the delight
'Twas to gather the bonnie bluebells,
And carry them home enrapt with the sight
Of the beauty with which each excels.

The Bluebell Wood.

In youth's golden days we often would gaze
On the blue-tinted flowers in the grass,
And think that the loveliness there we could
trace,
In Nature nought e'er would surpass.

Yet all the rare beauty in bluebells we find,
Shall perish when Winter arrives,
And leave not a vestige of glory behind,
Save what in the mem'ry survives.

And thus all the beauty and glory displayed,
May sooner or later depart,
Yet the sweetest impressions which they may
have made,
Will tenderly cling to the heart.

A SONG,

“ The Bonnie Bluebells.”

THE bluebells of Scotland, how lovely they
grow
On the banks and the braes where the wee
burnies flow,
In the woods and the glens where the birds
sweetly sing,
And Nature and Joy in blithe harmony spring.

Ye bonnie bluebells, I love your blue crest !
Oh ! fain would I snatch you from Nature's
own breast,
And adorn the fair bosom of Love where you
may
Be cherished by her throughout endless day.

“The Bonnie Bluebells.”

For Love shall endure when all else shall decay,
When the flowers in the forest shall wither away,
And the voice of the songsters is hushed in the night
Of Winter, whose shadow shall everything blight.

And now, my dear country, where bloom the bluebells,
My heart for thy glory exultingly swells,
And long may thy sons and fair daughters I see
Wear the bonnie bluebells to the honour of thee.

THE OLD MILLBRAE BRIDGE.

OH ! come let us sit on the old stone wall
Of the bridge that spans the stream,
And again sweet mem'ries of youth recall,
When life was a summer's dream.

As we gaze on the stream that ripples past,
And think of the days gone by,
We remember the joys on our pathway cast,
Like sunbeams from childhood's sky.

For many a time have we crossed the stream
By the old bridge at Millbrae,
And basked in the sunshine of Fancy's gleam,
While in Langside we would stray.

The Old Millbrae Bridge.

Thus life may be viewed as a bridge that's seen
To cross the vista of years,
While the joys and sorrows that intervene,
Are mingled with hopes and fears.

And as we pause in the midst of our years
To muse on the stream of Time,
How varied the course of our life appears,
From childhood to manhood's prime !

Yet soon, like the ancient bridge at Millbrae,
Our service of life well done,
We shall get old and frail, then pass away,
While the stream of Time shall run.

THE NEW MILLBRAE BRIDGE.

ALL things must change, and old give place to
new,

While fairest flowers decay,
But the impressions of the good and true,
Shall never pass away.

For though awhile they may be unobserved,
Yet here they will remain,
And in the hearts of others be preserved,
To blossom forth again.

Some sweet associations linger round
The old bridge at Millbrae,
Which long within the mem'ry may be found,
Though others fade away.

The New Millbrae Bridge.

Yet we would hail the new bridge with delight,
And praise its graceful form,
That long may stand throughout the day and
night
Amidst the raging storm.

And we would praise the skill and noble art,
That could such beauty rear,
As in this bridge we see that spans the Cart,
Whose charms are ever dear.

And when we cross the bridge to wander o'er
The scenes we have in view,
We will remember the bright days of yore,
And happy thoughts renew.

NEWLANDS.

FAIR Newlands ! suburb of Langside,
Oft in thy district have I strayed,
When Nature, in her Summer's pride,
With verdant beauty was arrayed.

But now the scene around is changed,
For where were fields of lovely green,
Along the paths in order ranged,
Suburban villas may be seen.

Here Luxury delights to reign,
And make life pass 'midst pleasures bright,
While Art and Beauty's charms maintain
Their mystic powers upon the sight.

Newlands.

For 'tis the beauty of the place
That first attracts observant minds,
Then gently leads them on to trace
The quiet peace that one here finds.

And Beauty needs no clamant voice
Her many graces to proclaim,
Nor yet the world's applauding noise,
That ushers in the notes of fame.

But silently she stands revealed
To those who can her charms discern,
And in her aspects unconcealed,
We many glorious truths may learn.

SHAWLANDS.

THOU southern suburb of the city's bounds,
Fair is the scenery that thee surrounds,
From where the Cart flows sweetly in Langside,
Far to the west near where it joins the Clyde.

The sylvan beauty of thy neighbourhood
We oft admire in quiet solitude,
And wish that all these scenes would ne'er
decay
From out our minds, as dreams that pass away.

But all things change, and thou art changing
too,
While soon no longer we may have the view
That now appears so lovely to our sight,
And fills us with a rapturous delight.

Shawlands.

For here the builders come with stone and
lime,
To mar the face of Nature, so sublime,
Yet 'tis a tribute, if we understand,
To the rich beauty that surrounds the land.

For beauty in each varied aspect draws
The mind responsive, and although the cause
Be not discerned at first, yet here it gains,
That beauty all around supremely reigns.

SHAWLANDS ACADEMY.

IMPOSING edifice that crowns the hill
Which overhangs the western Shawlands
slope,
How many pleasant mem'ries here may fill
The youthful hearts that beat with ardent
hope !

For here the scholars play 'midst landscapes fair,
And have a prospect that is far and wide,
While breathing uncontaminated air,
And relishing the joys of life's springtide.

Ah ! who can tell what genius may arise
To shed a lustre o'er this building's name,
And in the records of the great and wise,
Bequeath the tribute of immortal fame.

Shawlands Academy.

For here Ambition looks with steadfast eyes
 Upon the summit that it would attain,
While Perseverance everything defies
 And overcomes that hinders mind and brain.

And Patience meekly sits in humble mien,
 Engaged in solving some deep, abstruse
 theme,
While bright Imagination tries to glean
 Some glorious truths conveyed in poet's
 dream.

But all cannot attain the wished-for prize,
 Or gain the summit of a famed career,
Yet all may do whatever in them lies
 To nobly act within each humble sphere.

SHAWLANDS' BOWLING GREENS.

How lovely are the greens on Shawlands hill,
The great delight of many bowlers here,
Where oft the games are played with right
goodwill,
And winners welcomed with a ringing cheer!

'Tis pleasant on a glorious Summer's day
To lay aside the weight of business cares,
And watch the bowlers how they keenly play,
Or join them in a game of "rinks" or
"pairs."

Shawlands' Bowling Greens.

They run and skip, or gently "lead" or
"drive"

Their bowls across the smooth and well-
rolled grass,

While greatest pleasure they can here derive,
That nothing else to them could e'er sur-
pass.

For there are arts and efforts they may show,
Which call for exercise of eye so keen
And skillful hand, while they the bowls may
throw

With caution to the "Kitty" on the green.

And thus it seems in this big world of ours,
That each must play his part as on the
green,

Exerting all his skill and latent powers
To gain the prize, though others intervene.

Shawlands' Bowling Greens.

And while some "skip" and others "lead" or
"drive"

To get a place of wealth or lofty fame,
Another comes and smartly may deprive
Them of the honour which they strive to
claim.

Yet Perseverance may their efforts crown
At last with glory and increasing wealth,
While others in the struggle are cast down
Through poverty, or loss of robust health.

But may each brother that shall fortune find,
Extend to these a gen'rous hand with pity,
And so in lasting brotherhood may bind
Those who may lose and those who gain the
"Kitty."

A BOWLER'S SONG.

THEN hey for the bowlers gay,
As they skip across the green !
And hey for the bowlers gay
And blithe as ever were seen !

We can " skip," or " lead," or " drive,"
And roll our bowls so pretty,
While often we may contrive
To gently touch the " Kitty."

And though we may sometimes fail,
We won't be vexed about it,
For at last we may prevail,
So sure that none can doubt it.

A Bowler's Song.

And then we may get the tape
To test with a precision,
While opponents can't escape
The referee's decision.

And when we may play a match,
We are sometimes in "good form,"
While we hope to make a "scratch,"
Or gain the vict'ry by storm.

To practise the eye and mind
In steady concentration,
At bowling we oft will find
We need some mensuration.

And if we will practice well
To make but a score or two,
Through time we may yet excel,
And prove a champion too.

A BOWLER'S SONG.

THEN hey for the bowlers gay,
As they skip across the green !
And hey for the bowlers gay
And blithe as ever were seen !

We can "skip," or "lead," or "drive,"
And roll our bowls so pretty,
While often we may contrive
To gently touch the "Kitty."

And though we may sometimes fail,
We won't be vexed about it,
For at last we may prevail,
So sure that none can doubt it.

To practise the eye and mind
In steady concentration.
At bowing we set our mind
We need some mensuration.

And if we will practice well
To make hit a score or two.
Through time we may get excel.
And prove a champion too.

A Bowler's Song.

Then hey for the bowlers gay
As they skip across the green !
And hey how the bowlers play,
As blithe as ever were seen !

CROSSMYLOOF.

A FEW straw-thatched houses may yet be seen
In the Crossmyloof of to-day,
But the rural beauty around the scene
Is rapidly passing away.

For the city has stretched out her mighty arms
And embraced it within her fold,
While she robbed it of many bright rural
 charms
It possessed in the days of old.

And ranges of houses around may be seen
To cover the landscape once fair,
While where there were trees and fields lovely
 and green,
The homes of the many are there.

Crossmyloof.

For beauty has conquered the citizens' hearts,
And silently drawn them to live
Amid the fair charms which she richly im-
parts
And many bright pleasures doth give.

But the high-pressure speed of life is so great,
As it swiftly runs on Time's wheels,
That the mind has short leisure to meditate
On the truths which Nature reveals.

Yet whenever the mind can passively rest
Amid Nature's lovely domain,
Then many grand truths on it may be im-
pressed,
By the beauty and glory which reign.

Crossmyloof.

Oh ! dear were the homes of the good old time,
When life seemed so simple and pure,
And the hearts were impressed with ideals
sublime,
Although that the inmates were poor.

For poverty only may be in estate,
Yet the soul be of heavenly birth,
While wisdom and virtue alone make the great
And the noble of those on the earth.

POTTERFIELD.

SWEET little village, nestling 'mong the trees,
Near where Haggs Castle stands,
And 'midst the beauty everywhere one sees
Throughout the Pollok lands.

We gaze with pleasure on thy sylvan shades,
And love to wander through
Each varied scene where loveliness pervades
And opens to our view.

The straw-thatched houses that now long have
stood
'Midst ravages of time,
Although they seem so primitive and rude,
Yet teach us truths sublime.

Potterfield.

For all the gaudy pomp and haughty pride
Which grander places claim,
Are not to be compared with where abide
The charms of humble name.

And all the beauty which a lowly heart
To memory endears,
May linger still when other charms depart,
Throughout the fleeting years.

While what of earthly grandeur is displayed,
May draw admiring eyes,
Yet soon its glory rapidly may fade,
And nevermore arise.

Sweet little village ! wilt thou pass away
Soon from this earthly scene,
And leave no impress on the memory
Of what thou once hast been ?

Potterfield.

Ah no ! for young hearts reared 'midst charms
like thine,
Will never them forget,
But like the sunbeams on their path they shine,
To chase away regret.

POLLOKSHIELDS.

BEYOND Strathbungo, stretching to the west,
Fair Pollokshields is seen,
With mansions towering high upon its crest,
And fields of verdant green.

Here Architecture in majestic form
Attracts the passer-by,
While rearing up its head in calm or storm
Against the western sky.

And Luxury with Wealth delights to dwell
Within this region fair,
Amidst the many charms that here excel
In beauty rich and rare.

Pollokshields.

And here the open landscape, far and wide,
Unfolds some lovely scenes
Of sylvan beauty where bright joys abide,
And pleasure intervenes.

While in the Maxwell Park, the chief resort
Of those who here reside,
Both old and young may have delightful sport,
That makes time sweetly glide.

And on the pond each little sailing boat
With white sail in the breeze,
May oft be seen to glide or gently float
With calm, majestic ease.

While others that are drifted by the wind
May swamp e'er reaching land,
And those that once they left so far behind
May gain the wished-for strand.

Pollokshields.

And thus upon the waves of human life
 Are many young hearts tossed,
Unable to contend amidst the strife,
 Before Life's stream is crossed.

And some that seem so beautiful and fair,
 With prospects bright before,
Are caught within the whirlwind's sudden
 snare,
 And never reach the shore.

While others, having fortune on their side,
 May smoothly glide along,
With neither boisterous wind nor raging tide,
 To cause them to go wrong.

Yet who can tell the pleasure which it yields
 To those who love to sail
Their tiny boats in pond at Pollokshields,
 Though stormy winds prevail ?

Pollokshields.

While all the beauties which surround this
place
Are open to the sight,
And in them many pleasures we may trace,
To give our hearts delight.

STRATHBUNGO.

If ever Saint Mungo had lived in Strathbungo,
And came to revisit the scene,
I am sure in his mind he would very soon find
That many the changes have been.

Yet here I'll not rhyme of the good olden
time
Some hundreds of years now ago,
But of many a day when I often would stray
Through this village one scarcely would
know.

Strathbungo.

Oh ! dear was the old church that stood near
the road,
With the smithy and " Cross-Keys " inn,
While the houses were seen all whitewashed so
clean,
Where the wee bairnies ran out and in.

And there could be seen about half-way be-
tween
The city and old Pollokshaws,
A tavern of fame to Robert Burns' name,
Where the weary-worn traveller might
pause.

And there on the wall was the sign to recall
The face of the Bard, and his verse
That speaks of the treat when cronies oft meet,
And which they delight to rehearse.

Strathbungo.

But where are the villagers living then,
And bairnies that ran out at play?
Well, some of the bairnies have now become
men,
While the agèd have long passed away.

Yet dear, dear old village! we will not here
mourn
For the past, but fond mem'ries recall
Of bright days of yore that will never return,
But shall ever be cherished by all.

CROSSHILL.

SOME places for their beauty may be famed,
For it within them certainly is found,
While others have this honour often claimed,
Because of beauty that may them surround.

'Tis from the lovely district of Queen's Park
That Crosshill takes its highly-honoured
claim,
And we may safely venture the remark
Of other suburbs which surround the same.

Yet Crosshill, once a place of verdant fields,
Where oft was heard the sweet song of the
lark,
Has many happy mem'ries which it yields
To those who might its beauty then remark.

Crosshill.

The few erected villas on the hill,
Afar then from the city's noise and din,
Were the chief features of our famed Crosshill,
Long e'er it was embraced the town within.

The Queen's Park was a hill of lovely green,
Whereon the boys and girls might romp
and play,
And gaze around for miles upon each scene,
Rejoicing in Life's morn, so blithe and gay.

While Langside Road which still runs through
Crosshill,
Was then a rural walk, where city boys
Oft came that they their hearts with joys
might fill,
And in the scenes of Nature might rejoice.

Crosshill.

The larks were heard to sing on either side,
And blossoms seen upon the hedgerows near,
While strolling in the Summer to Langside,
With overhead the sky so blue and clear.

Oh fair Crosshill ! to us then fairer still,
Thou wilt be dearly cherished in our hearts,
For all the joys that did our mem'ries fill
With visions bright, which Nature oft im-
parts.

And though thy features now are greatly
changed
While we may look around upon the spot,
Yet may our hearts endeared, be ne'er estranged
From thee, nor happy memories forgot.

THE QUEEN'S PARK.

QUEEN of the city parks, we love thy name !
And would thee crown as Queen of Beauty
here,
For far above all others thou canst claim
The fairest prospects when the sky is clear.

Thy situation doth the views command
Of all the regions round for many miles,
That are for beauty famed throughout our
land,
And even beyond our lovely British Isles.

The Queen's Park.

Thy gardens fair appear in Summer time
With fragrant flowers in variegated shades,
While warbling birds, in notes sweet and
sublime,
Pour forth their strains within thy leafy
glades.

Oft have we stood upon thy summit high,
And gazed upon the landscape all around,
To view the aspects of the earth and sky,
And all the glories that may there be found.

But many other charms we here may find
Than those which lavish Nature doth
supply,
When music, in its varied forms combined,
Adds to the pleasures which around us lie.

The Queen's Park.

For here, in Summer, bands at evening play,
To cheer the hearts of those who are inclined
To listen to their strains, so merrily
Borne on the waves of every passing wind.

And children may be seen to leap and dance
In merriment upon the verdant grass,
While voices shout with mirth and bright eyes
glance
In recognition while around they pass.

Oh ! happy scenes of childhood here to some
Who seldom feel the warm, bright Summer's
breath,
And from the precincts of a city's slum
Escape, though for a while, the shade of
death.

The Queen's Park.

For death's dark shadow and disease invade
The loathsome alleys where they have their
home,
While here they rove through park or leafy
shade,
Rejoicing in the freedom now to roam.

Then may the beauty of our city park
Be kept unspoiled from every ruthless hand,
While the bright prospects which we here
remark,
Be greatly famed throughout our native
land.

MOUNT FLORIDA.

THERE's something in a flowery name,
Although it only may sound well,
Yet how some places have a claim,
I really cannot tell.

Mount Florida, or mount of flowers,
Although it stands so very high,
Is none the less exempt from showers
Than fields that lower lie.

And fairer flowers do not abound
In this suburban lofty place,
Than those in other districts found,
Whose beauty we can trace.

Mount Florida.

Yet it has charms to those who find
A pleasure in the prospect wide,
And neither heed the storm nor wind,
For what may them betide.

And when on Hampden Park we stand,
Or on Wendover Crescent high,
The prospects which they do command
Will captivate the eye.

And those of an aspiring mind,
Who wish to have a lofty climb,
May here the healthy pleasure find,
And have the views sublime.

While thus it is in human life,
That those who climb its rugged steep
May bravely conquer in the strife,
And rich rewards may reap.

OTHER POEMS.

TO THE SHADE OF ROBERT BURNS.

A Centenary Poem, 1796-1896.

IMMORTAL bard ! whose genius we revere,
Accept the tribute of a falling tear,
 In Scotland's name,
While round thy brow the laurel wreath we
 'twine
That through the ages shall be ever thine,
 In deathless fame.

Ye verdant trees beside the Nith's clear stream,
Where oft our bard in Fancy's pleasing dream,
 Has strayed alone,
Wave now your branches gently in the breeze,
And croon a dirge, auld Scotia's heart to
 please,
 For him that's gone !

A Centenary Poem.

No more shall he beneath your leafy bowers
Delight to linger in the sunny hours,
 And sing your praise,
But yet we hear his notes of song sublime,
Borne clearly through the fleeting course of
 time,
 In these bright days.

Ye flowers that bloom upon the bonnie braes,
No more shall he with rapture on you gaze
 In gladsome hour,
And call the very humblest of your race,
(Wherein a matchless beauty he could trace)
 “A modest flower.”

Ye little birds that sing on ilka spray,
No more shall he rejoice to hear your lay,
 So soft and clear,

A Centenary Poem.

That often cheered him on his lonely way,
At morning's dawn, or in the evening grey,
To him so dear.

Ye crystal streams that flow by hill or plain,
No ! never shall he gaze on you again
With ravished eyes,
But yet we catch his strain of sweetest song,
That with the stream of Time now glides along,
And never dies.

Ye trees and flowers ! ye birds and flowing
streams
Mourn now the loss of him whose golden
dreams

To us impart
Bright visions that are beautiful and fair,
And songs of Nature, sweet beyond compare,
To cheer the heart !

A Centenary Poem.

We will not say "Farewell," our Poet dear,
But think of thee when every 'circling year
 Again returns,
For Scotland may forget her sons abroad,
And others that are laid beneath the sod,
 But not her "Burns."

A SONG,

"The Bonnie Wee Burn."

THERE'S a bonnie wee burn that rins to the
 sea,
And the sweet wimplin' sang it croons ower
 to me,
Brings oft to my mem'ry the bright early days,
When I ran by its banks and played on the
 braes.

The days of my childhood in fancy I see,
When the sunshine of life was Summer to me,
As I roamed with my mates beside the clear
 stream,
That glistened with splendour beneath the
 sun's beam.

"The Bonnie Wee Burn."

Oh ! blithely the bright days of youth seem to
glide,
When the cares o' the warl' can ne'er wi' us
bide,
But like the wee burnie oor life seems a sang,
That cheers ilka sad heart while trudging
alang.

Flow on then, wee burnie ! and may thy sweet
strain
Recall happy mem'ries to others again,
That cheerily lighten the sorrows of time
While musing upon thee with rapture sub-
lime.

THE WEE THATCHED HOOSE.

AGAIN I'll return to my ain wee thatched hoose,
To sit by my cosy fireside,
For there's naething can cheer me or mak' me
sae crouse,
As there in contentment to bide.

The birdies may sing to welcome me hame,
And sweetly the zephyrs may blaw,
But a sicht o' my hoose sets my heart in a
flame,
For that I enjoy 'bune them a'.

When Spring in its verdure spreads over the
plain,
And wee buds begin to appear,
I can sit at the window although I'm alane,
And watch them with joy while they're here.

The Wee Thatched Hoose.

When Summer, arrayed in her beautiful dress,
Comes tripping along like a queen,
She calls at my door and leaves her impress
On the little flowers there to be seen.

When Autumn in glory smiles over the land,
And reapers are seen in the fields,
She comes to my door and with bountiful
hand,
A store of provisions she yields.

When Winter returns, and the cauld drifting
snaw
Comes sweeping along in its train,
In my ain wee thatched hoose I am sheltered
frae a',
So ne'er wish to leave it again.

A FELINE DIALOGUE.

TWA cats that wandered far frae hame,
“ Bewildered in pursuit of game,”
Met æ fine nicht when shone the moon
Upon the streets o’ Glesca toon,
And after formal salutations,
Began the following disputations :
Says Jenny to her neebor Nancy,
“ You’re sleek and bonnie, so I fancy
You’ll never want for hamely fare,
But aye be kept wi’ greatest care,
While I, neglected and oppressed,
Ne’er kens what ’tis to be caressed.
The braw blue ribbon roon your neck
Will aye command ye much respec’,

A Feline Dialogue.

And when your mistress sees your face,
She'll lift you up wi' gentle grace,
And place you fondly on her knee,
Delighting in your company."

Nancy—

"Dear Jenny, true 'tis what you say,
I ne'er want meat a single day,
And therefore am so sleek and fat,
And looked on as a handsome cat,
While my guid mistress cares for me,
And would be vex'd if I should dee.
Yet there is sympathy I want,
Which my dear mistress cannot grant,
And pleasures sweet oot o' a house
Whar ne'er is seen a single mouse."

A Feline Dialogue.

Jenny—

“ Your moralizing I admit,
And weel can prove the truth of it.
For though I'm but a wandering cat,
On feline topics I can chat,
And maybe gie ye some advice
Ye canna buy at ony price.
For if experience could be bought,
Oft by the rich it would be sought ;
But oh, alas ! 'tis got with pain
Which makes it still the dearer gain,
So wi' your ladyship's permission
I'll humbly gie you admonition :—
' Ne'er grumble at the lot ye hae,
Though no a mouse comes in your way,
For if guid feeding you can get,
Ne'er let a mouse cause you regret,

A Feline Dialogue.

But always keep your mind at ease,
And try your mistress aye to please,
For when on duty you're intent
You'll ne'er be fashed wi' discontent ;
But those that still would lazy be,
Can never hae felicity.
And finally I'd ye advise
Wi' ither cats to sympathize,
Wha havena sic a cosy hame
And a' the pleasures you can claim,
But wi' misfortunes are oppressed,
For want o' food and loss o' rest.
So if you kindly give a share
Unto your neebors that are puir,
You'll live a happy life, I fancy,
And be beloved by all, dear Nancy.' "

ON SEEING A DROP OF DEW.

SWEET dew-drop glittering in the sun
With golden brilliancy,
Decking the lovely flower that blooms
And sheds forth fragrancy !

At evening when the sun has set,
On earth thou dost descend,
And gently on the flower thou dost
Thy crystal head suspend.

Awhile at morn thy form is seen
Dazzling with splendour bright,
But soon it vanishes away
For ever from our sight.

On Seeing a Drop of Dew.

For e'er the sun has reached its height
Thy glory disappears,
As hope that shines on mournful hearts,
Doth chase away the tears.

ON SEEING A PAINTING—"TYPE OF
BEAUTY"—BY C. E. PERUGINI, R.A.

OH Perugini ! with thy magic wand
Thou callest Beauty forth at thy command.
Behold she comes in blooming womanhood,
And rosy tints upon her cheeks are strewed.
We see her now in glowing colours dressed,
Wearing a flower upon her lovely breast,
Her brow unclouded and her tranquil eyes
Reflect the peace that in her nature lies,
While all her charms in harmony combined,
Portray the beauty of a virtuous mind.

ON SEEING A PAINTING—"TYPE OF
BEAUTY"—BY A. HOPKINS, R.A.

WHO is this lovely maid in plain attire
Whose modest, pensive face we now admire?
'Tis Beauty, in her simple, native dress,
Portrayed in all her tender loveliness.
Behold she stands in mood and aspect meek,
With downcast eyes, and blush upon her cheek,
While love and kindness in her soft eyes glow,
That get her friends wherever she may go.
And thus shall Beauty, with her charms combined,
Within our hearts for ever be enshrined.

AMBITION.

ON vain Ambition ! why should man adore
Thy glittering crown and all thy golden store?
Why should his heart around thee fondly
cling,
When oft thy fair allurements sharply sting ?

We see thee sitting on thy throne of state,
While num'rous votaries around thee wait,
And at the wave of thy triumphant wand,
Thou mighty hearts canst stir at thy command.

The scholar strives to gain immortal fame,
The statesman pleads his country's dearest
claim,
The warrior fights its interests to maintain,
That liberty may in its glory reign.

Ambition.

But though sometimes they see you sweetly
 smile,
To cheer them on their path of arduous toil,
Yet e'er they reach the summit of thy throne,
Their hopes are blasted and for ever gone.

A STORMY NEW YEAR.

ALL hail, New Year! though cold and drear,
With stormy tempests blowing,
May soon thy raging disappear,
And lovely flowers be growing.

May soon the melody of birds
Be heard in sky and wild-wood,
That sheds a gladness through the heart
Like to the joy of childhood.

May soon the gloomy clouds disperse,
And by the winds be driven,
And Nature smile on all around,
To make our earth like heaven.

A Stormy New Year.

And as the changing clouds of Time,
Both dark and bright pass o'er us,
May we the world make more sublime
Than what it was before us.

COME, SUMMER, COME !

COME, Summer, come ! with warm and gentle
breath,
And breathe upon the flowers,
Give life and health where seems impending
death,
And bright for gloomy hours.

Thou bringest life and health with joys
supreme,
And visions bright and fair,
And by thy presence everything doth seem
A glorious garb to wear.

Come, Summer, Come !

The verdant earth is clothed in softest green,
The flowers their blooms display,
And streamlets as they gently flow are seen
Glittering with golden ray.

The trees are decked with leaves in varied
shades,
The sky is brightest blue,
And joy throughout fair Nature's realms pervades,
Which gives us pleasures new.

The birds send forth their notes of sweetest
song,
That fill our hearts with mirth,
And happily the days now glide along,
As if 'twere heaven on earth.

Come, Summer, Come !

But, gentle Summer, we would thee implore
 To cheer the drooping heart,
And to the pallid cheek again restore
 The bloom thou canst impart.

Then shall we lift our voice to Him in praise
 Who gives thy influence,
And who, amidst all seasons of our days,
 His goodness doth dispense.

ABSENCE.

A MAN who on a dang'rous path in darkness
 strays,
Deplores the absence of the sun's bright rays,
But when at early morn the sun appears,
Its gladsome beams dispel his anxious fears.

Or when a friend you part with at the shore,
The few years of his absence you deplore,
But if in safety he again returns,
Your heart rejoices and no longer mourns.

Or when a mother sees her boy depart
For foreign lands, what sorrow wrings her
 heart !
To think that she may never see him more,
Nor hear his welcome footsteps at her door.

Absence.

And when at night she hears the tempest wild,
She wonders how it fares with her dear child,
As on the stormy ocean he is tossed,
If he be safe or if he may be lost.

So hopes and fears within her heart arise,
As bright and gloomy clouds that cross the
 skies,
But when again she clasps him in her arms,
Joy chases fear and all its false alarms.

Thus absence, though awhile it wounds the
 heart,
Increasing strength to love it will impart,
And Hope will soothe the heart that aches
 with pain,
Till that for which we wish returns again.

TO GENIUS.

HAIL Genius ! thou whose influence inspires
The gifted mind with great and high desires,
That stirs the soul with strong ambition's
power,
And cheers it in the silent midnight hour.

That raisèd Milton's soul in thought sublime,
To muse on noble themes of olden time,
That also gave to Burns poetic fire,
To wake to music sweet, the gentle lyre.

That over Newton's comprehensive mind
Didst shed thy beams, that he great truths
might find,
To make the path of Science clear and bright,
And o'er the world to spread its glorious light.

To Genius.

Thus, as thy sons of universal fame,
Their thoughts and works unto the world
 proclaim,
The world, admiring, doth their labours crown
With approbation, and with great renown.

But though thy sons the crown of Fame may
 wear,
Yet are their lives oftentimes beset with care,
And even death may snatch them in their
 bloom,
And so convey them to an early tomb.

Yet though they're gone their crown of fame
 may last,
A bright memorial of the brilliant past,
For words and actions of the good and wise,
Age after age shall still immortalize.

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